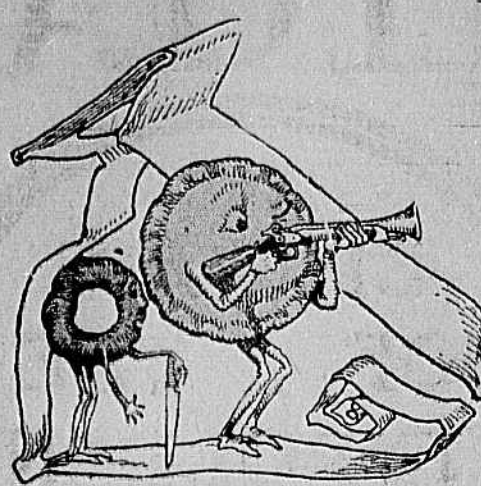


ANIMALDOM

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THANKSGIVING BOGIES



CUBBY WATCHES GRANDMA
BEAR MAKE THE
THANKSGIVING GOODIES.

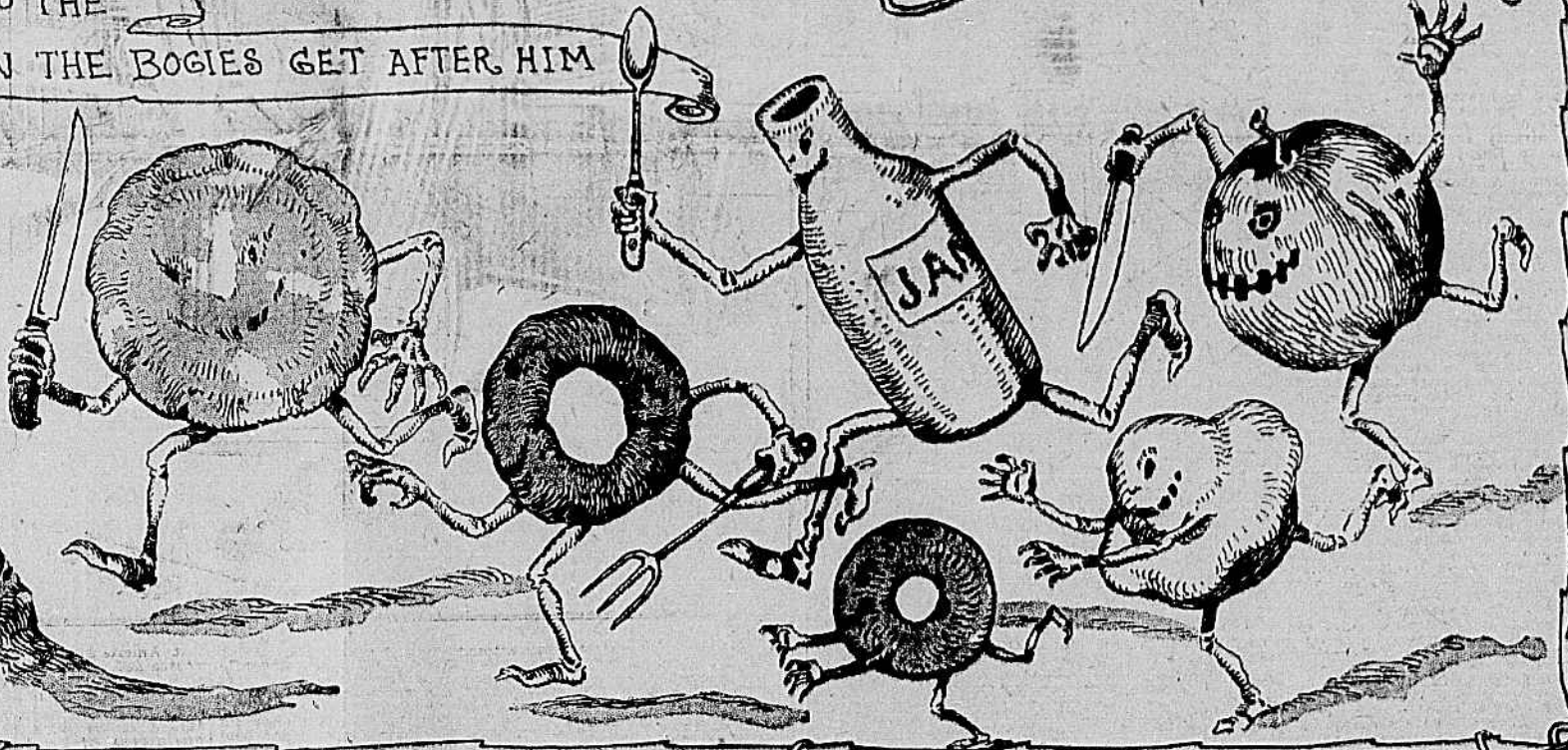


ON WHICH LATER, HE
GUZZLES AND STUFFS

THEN
FALLS ASLEEP



CUBBY'S FEET SEEM GLUED TO THE
GROUND WHEN THE BOGIES GET AFTER HIM



Old Grandma Bear, the best of cooks,
With butter, milk and whey
And other things made dandy stuff
To eat Thanksgiving Day.

Beside her Cubby watched and watched
And smacked his chops for joy,
Although she said, "Don't touch them till
Tomorrow, darling boy."

He let her warn till she was tired,
But did not mind her talk,
He filled his tummy up so full
That he could scarcely walk.

At last he clambered on a chair
And quickly fell asleep;
When, goodness gracious! Horrid things
Went round him on the creep.

With arms and legs and mouths and eyes
Came Doughnuts, Cakes and Pies.
They flourished knives and forks and spoons
And let out awful cries.

Poor Cubby gave a fearful yell
And half-stunned turned around;
Yet when he tried to run he felt
His feet glued to the ground.

The horrid Bogies pounced on him
And jabbed him here and there;
Then by a leg they tied him tight
And hung him in the air.

A great big Mince Pie, chief of all,
Then shot the string in two,
And on his head poor Cub went down
It jarred him through and through.

He opened wide his eyes with fear:
He really knew not where
He was; but found he'd had a dream
And tumbled from his chair.

But oh, it was a frightful scare,
He swore that he'd be good,
He vowed he'd never be a Pig
But do as good boys should.

So on Thanksgiving don't you be
So greedy, girls and boys,
Or all those horrid Bogies may
Make sorrows of your joys.

J. J. MORA.